

A S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

M A R R I A G E :

Directed to that Inconsiderable Animal, called HUSBAND.

Husband! thou Dull unpittied Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery, and Want;
 Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to Cherish, and to Heat a Wife:
 Drudge on till *Fifty*; at thy Own Expence
 Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence;
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night
 Prompted to Act, by Duty (not Delight:)
 Christen thy froward *Bantling* every Year,
 And carefully thy Spurious Issue Rear:
 Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
 And let the Young Impostor drein thy Purse:
 Hedg-Sparrow-like, what *Cuckoo's* have begot
 Do thou maintain, Incorrigible Sott.
 Oh! I could curse the Pimp that could do less,
 He's beneath Pitry, and beyond Redress:
 Pox on him! let him go: what can I say?
Anathema's on him are Thrown away;
 The wretch is marry'd, & has known the worst,
 And now his Blessing is, he can't be Curst.
 Marry'd! O Hell and Furies! Name it not,
 Hence, hence you Holy Cheats; a Plot, a Plot.
 Marriage is but a Licens'd way to Sin,
 A Nooze to catch Religious Wood-cocks in:
 Or the Nick-name of some Malicious Friend,
 Begot in Hell to Prosecute Mankind.
 'Tis the Destroyer of Our Peace and Health,
 Mispender of our precious Time and Wealth;
 The Enemy to Wit, Valour, Mirth, all
 That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
 By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise;
 By Night the Eccho of Forgotten Joys:
 Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
 At Home the hourly breach of what we vow'd:
 In it's Opium to our Lustful Rage,
 Which sleeps a while, and wakes again in Age.
 It heaps on all Men much (but useless) Care,
 Forthwith more Trouble, they less Happy are;
 It checks Youth, shortens life, & taints the mind,
 Our Senices pauls, and strikes our Reason blind.
 Ye Gods! that Man by his own Slavish Law,
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw:

If we would Wiser Natures Laws Obey.
 Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way,
 She bids freely Look, Like, and Enjoy.
 Therefore when lusty Youth & Wine conspire
 To Flame the Blood unto a Generous Fire;
 We must not think the Gallant will Indure
 The Durient Raging of his Calenture:
 Nor always in his single Pleasures Burn, (turn:
 Tho' Natures Hand-maid sometime serves the
 No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,
 In equal floods of Love, his flame to quench;
 One that will hold him in her Clasping Arm,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits Charm;
 That with New Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his Soul, & then insnare his Heart.
 Hence springs the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
 Always Begot in Passion, and in Heat:
 But the Dull Off-spring of the Marriage-Bed,
 What is it? but a Humane shape in Lead:
 A Sloathful Lump Ingender'd of all Ills,
 Begot like *D---* against the Parents Wills.
 If it be Cukoldiz'd, it's Doubly Spoil'd,
 The Mothers Fear's Intail'd upon the Child.
 Thus whether Illegitimate, or Not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are Begot:
 Let no Enobled Soul himself Debase,
 By Lawful Ways to Dasterdize his Race;
 But if he must Pay Natures Debt in Kind,
 To check the growing Danger, let him find
 Some willing Female out; What tho' she be
 The very Scum and Dregs of Infamy:
 Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Baud & Whore,
 Close-stool to *Venus*, Natures Common-shore;
 Impudence, Folly, Brandy, and Disease,
 The *Sundays* Crack for *Suburb*-Prentices;
 What then? she's better then a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still Unmarry'd, thou art safe.
 with whores thou can'st but venture, what is lost
 May be Redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
 But a Damn'd Wife, Inevitable Fate,
 Destroys, Soul, Body, Credit, and Estat.

F I N I S.